

Tanika's Story – Part I

Never mess with a wizard, gay or straight. I learned this the hard way, had I known he was a wizard I would have acted differently.

I met him by chance - I saw him going out of a gay club I passed on my way from work. When I caught up with him, out of earshot of anyone else, I called him a fag.

He just shrugged. This annoyed me, so without thinking about it I punched him. He didn't punch back. He didn't need to, but I didn't know that at the time.

"Don't worry, I'll have my revenge," he said.

"You and whose army, fag?"

"Tomorrow you'll see."

"What, you're going to blow me kisses."

"No, but after tomorrow you'll believe in magic."

He walked away. I went home, forgot about him and went to bed. Little did I know how right he was.

The next day, after work, I went past the gay club again. This time, however, I didn't just walk past, I lingered for some reason unknown to myself. I didn't know what I was doing there. I surely didn't want to hook up with a man, and yet...

A tall, muscular man walked out of the club, glanced in my direction, and smiled mischievously. He walked up to me.

"Do you need a ride?"

"Uh, er, I guess so?"

"My car's just around the corner. Let's go."

"Thanks. My name is - "

"It doesn't matter."

I followed him without really thinking about it. We got in. He never asked where I lived or where I wanted to go. He drove for me while until we were out of town, in some deserted lane. He parked. I didn't know what to say.

"I know your type," he said. "You're a homo but too chicken to admit that you want cock, but you want it so bad that you just need a little prompting. Let's put you to the test. "

Saying that, he unzipped his pants and pulled down his underwear. There, in all its glory, was a huge, thick, very erect cock.

I couldn't help myself. I needed to touch it, no, I needed to suck it. I tried to look away, but my eyes were glued. I just went down on him, wrapping my fag lips around his huge shaft – then he pushed me away.

"OK, fag, let's see how gay you really are. If you want to suck me, you're

going to have to beg."

I barely hesitated; I had had a cock in my mouth, and there was no going back.

"Please, sir – I want to suck your cock. I need to suck it so badly – I'll do anything..."

"Anything? Well, if I give you what you want, then in exchange you're going to let me pop you ass cherry. You know you want it."

I nodded. Why deny it?

"Very well, then. Help yourself."

He released me. I hungrily went down on his cock, licking it, wanting it deep inside my throat. I wanted it so badly, I was enjoying it so much. He stroked my hair, leaned back, moaned – and filled my mouth with his sperm. I swallowed every drop.

I moved to the back seat without saying a word. I took my clothes off, not daring to look up to see if he was watching me strip. When I was done, I got on all fours. I wondered if I was in the right position, and if he was waiting for me to say something.

He rammed his cock into me without warning. I clenched my teeth, the pain was almost unbearable. Then, as my anus loosened up, I started to enjoy it. Soon I was squirming no longer with pain, but with pleasure. Even if it made me a fag, it felt so good. He came. Just a day before I had been a straight, macho man, and now I had cum in my ass from a man whose name I didn't even know.

When I got home that night, I found a note shoved under my door. It said:

"I'm the guy you punched last night. I've got a surprise for you – I'm a wizard. I can do many things, including messing with your mind. As a result, you've probably had your first cock by now. You can be a cocksucking faggot, whoring yourself in a gay club every night, getting into trouble because you keep hitting on strangers, longing to feel their cocks inside you. If this does not appeal to you, get in touch and maybe we can negotiate something."

There was an address written on the bottom. My first thought was that it was some kind of joke, but the pain in my ass reminded me it couldn't be. I thought and thought, but the only possible explanation was that the note was telling the truth, and he was indeed a wizard and had done this to me. At least, that offered some hope of turning back into a regular straight guy.

I went to the address on the note. I was about to knock when he opened the door. Yes, it was the guy I had punched.

"Come on in," he said. I did.

"I'm so sorry I punched you, I - "

"That's besides the point. You want something from me – making you straight – so you'd better offer something in return."

"I – I have money, I can pay you quite a bit, and - "

"Actually, that's not what I want. Look, I will make you straight, but here's what I want in exchange: I want to fuck your ass. It wouldn't even be your first time. My cum will then make you straight."

That was strange – surely having a man cum in my ass was a gay thing? But I had nothing to lose, and this could be my only chance of becoming straight again.

“OK,” I said.

“Very well. You know what to do.”

We went to his room and I began stripping. He shoved me into his bed, tore my shirt off, ripped my pants open. He climbed on top of me and before I could say anything I felt a massive cock pushing into my ass.

It hurt horribly, his cock was absolutely huge – but I have to admit I also felt pleasure. As he pushed in and out faster and faster, I moaned a little.

“OK, you've got your wish. I'm making you 100% straight.”

With that, he flooded my ass with his cum. Oh well, I was going to be straight again, I could enjoy having a man fill my ass with cum for the last time. I started feeling dizzy, and before I could reply, I passed out.

I awoke in a strange room that looked rather run-down. As I became fully awake, I realised that my hands were different – most obviously, because they were black, but they also appeared more slender and delicate.

I sat up violently, and got a worse shock – two large lumps on my chest swayed as I sat up. I looked down and saw two firm, large, perfect chocolate breasts.

I jumped out of bed, and nearly fell when I saw my reflection in the mirror opposite the bed. I was an extremely attractive, stark naked young black woman. I had muscular, shapely, totally hairless legs, a firm, huge ass, a narrow waist, large, gorgeous breasts, a lovely feminine face and long, silky hair. There was a patch of hair between my legs – no balls or dick, just dark vaginal lips and a tiny clit.

I stood speechless, not knowing what to do next until I saw a note on stuck on the mirror. With my hips swaying wildly, I walked up to the mirror and read the note. It said:

“Welcome to your new life, Tanika. In the closet you'll find a purse with ID and the keys to your place but little money. By the way, you're practically penniless, records show that you never finished school and have been employed only in minimum wage jobs, plus I've altered your memory so that you're barely literate, but on the upside you're very hot. By the way, there's a fun little charm on you: If you get cum inside your pussy, you will inevitably get pregnant the first time no matter what you do (condom will break, pill won't work, etc). Have fun.”

I had asked to become straight, not to become a woman – then it dawned on me: Maybe he had not changed my attraction to men, and had changed my gender instead, so that I was now a straight woman. The only way to find out was to see if I was attracted to men – but there appeared to be no porn or even pictures of men in my new home, and no internet connection. I would have to go out and check. If I was going to go out, I obviously needed to get dressed first, so I found the closet and opened it. It was full of cheap, skimpy women's clothes.

Strangely enough, getting dressed was easy – it was as if my body knew what to do and had been doing it for years. I dressed as conservatively as I could, but if I'd seen myself on the street I would have thought I was a prostitute.

I had no problem walking on high heels – somehow it came naturally.

I didn't have far to go to test my sexual orientation. There were some guys playing basketball only a couple of blocks away. One of them immediately caught my attention – he was shirtless, muscular. I could see the sweat on his chest glistening in the sun. I stared at his chest, hungry with desire.

I turned my head away – I wasn't ready to cope with just being in a woman's body, let alone being a woman lusting after men.

I quickly retraced my footsteps. As I entered the building I'd come out from, I felt light-headed and stopped to catch my breath at the bottom of the stairwell. I closed my eyes, and a memory came to me – it wasn't a real memory because I had been female for less than a day and I'd never been a girl, maybe it came with this body or something, but even though it had never happened it felt like remembering:

I was a pubescent black girl – I knew I was pretty, and guys were checking me out. I was at my house, alone with one of my dad's friends – and athletic, attractive black man.

"So, Tanika, are you growing up or are you still a little girl?"

"I – I..."

"Well, how are your tits coming along?"

I just stood speechless.

"Come on, I can see that your tits are already growing. Let's have a closer look."

Saying that, he reached for my shirt – he actually reached for my shirt.

"Come on, raise your arms."

I did – I was scared of what might happen, but also excited about it.

"Now turn around."

He expertly unclasped my cup A bra. As I turned, he just touched my nipples lightly with the tips of his fingers, just barely caressing them. They immediately became erect, they were so sensitive, I could feel my young pussy feeling wet.

"Nice. You'll grow great tits, I'm sure. How wet is your pussy?"

I didn't know what to answer – and I didn't want him to stop, my breasts felt so good. Hell, I thought, if he already knew I was wet, why deny it?

"How – how do you know?"

"Your nipples are hard, you're breathing heavily and I can see the look on your face – it's obvious you want to get fucked."

I swallowed. Yes, I was aroused, I was curious – but I wasn't prepared, it was so sudden, so unexpected.

"Come on, girl, don't waste my time – so be a good girl, take off your clothes and spread your legs for me. You know you want your pussy filled with cum like a woman. I want pussy, you want cock, seems fair to me."

He said this while caressing my legs. I was so aroused from being fondled, though I still hesitated.

He took off my skirt.

"Nice legs. I guess you've just begun shaving them. But they'll be nicer spread."

"But - "

"What, you don't like men?"

"I do, but - "

"OK, then I'll show you something you might like."

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick. I stared at it, fascinated by its virility, wanting it inside me but also frightened at its size.

"You're either a little girl too young to know she wants cock inside her or you're a young woman that badly needs to be mounted and can take it like a woman. So which one is it?"

He grabbed me with one arm, lifted me up, and with his other arm yanked me panties down. He threw me on the couch. Without even thinking about it, I spread my young, feminine, chocolate legs, exposing my virgin pussy. He grabbed my thighs, pulled me towards him and violently rammed his cock into my virgin love canal.

I screamed with pain as his huge cock violently tore my hymen apart, as his cock became wet with my pussy juices and the blood from my broken hymen. But then I began moaning with pleasure – every time he pushed his cock into me I felt a bigger and bigger wave of pleasure, more and more intense each time. The pleasure was almost unbearable, and still each wave became more and more intense. I could feel his cock getting even bigger inside me, stretching my pussy even more. Finally, I screamed with pleasure, it was too intense for me to handle, but there was nothing I could do to stop him. I then had my first feminine orgasm – a spasm of unbearable pleasure all over my body that left me limp and breathless, exhausted and covered in sweat. Still he kept on fucking me, and soon I had another orgasm, and then another and another, while I begged him to stop because it was too intense, but this was just like a stallion mounting a mare. He was using me like a piece of meat, and I was loving it.

At last he filled my hole with warm, sticky sperm.

I opened my eyes. I was at the bottom of the stairwell again. I knew none of it had ever happened, at least not to me, but the fantasy or memory or whatever it was had felt so real. Maybe it was a memory that came with this body, just as I had known how to walk in heels or put a bra on.

I climbed up the stairs and as I was opening the door to my place a man I hadn't noticed walked up to me. I wasn't going to take any notice of him until he put his hand on my ass.

"Honey, how much for spreading your legs for me?"

Comments, insights, suggestions, etc. welcome, send them to
roberto_s0005@hotmail.com